

# The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XIII. No. 31

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL 29, 1923

## Copper Luster

BY MARIAN WILLARD

"**T**HIS wheel is too small for me now, and I can't use it any more," said Alice Ingraham, "if you want to buy it, mother says that I may sell it for twelve dollars. It's a good wheel, try it."

Margaret Allen hopped on the bicycle and sped down the street. Yes, it was just exactly what she wanted.

"Will you keep it for me until I get the money saved?" she asked.

"Oh yes, I don't believe any one else will want it, 'cause it is small. I'll keep it until you want it. But you'll have to take it before the middle of July because we are going to close the house then for the summer."

Margaret walked slowly back to Aunt Debby's wondering how she could increase the number of coins in her little blue plush bag by the middle of July. That evening she sat in her tiny room overlooking the bay and counted her money.

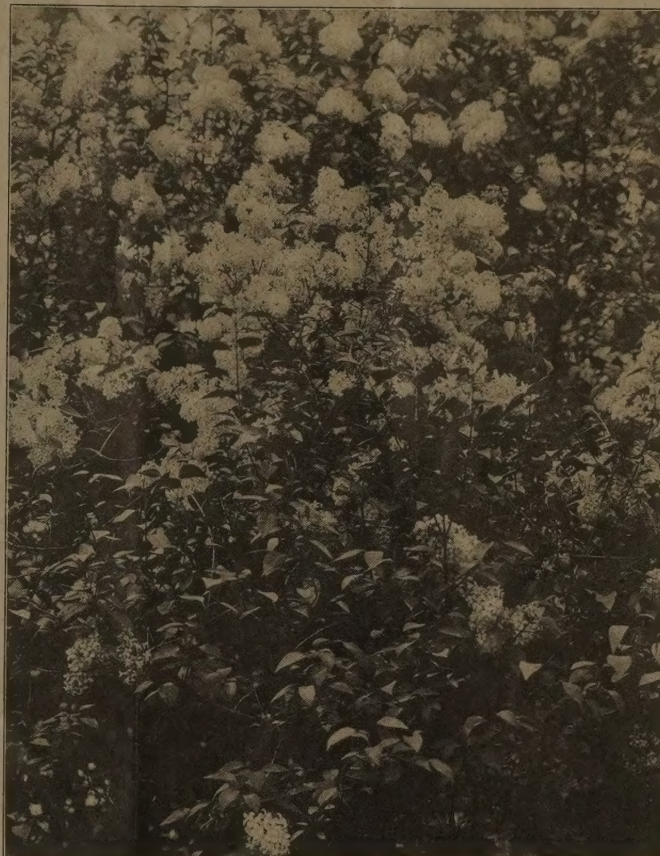
Two dollars came from her birthday money, one dollar and a half came from a basket that she wove for Miss Pendleton, three dollars and a half came from taking care of the Shipman twins, while Mrs. Shipman went to drive with Dr. Shipman. Then, with money that Aunt Debby had given her, she had altogether nine dollars and seventy-three cents. Yes, with any kind of luck she would have enough money by the first of July to buy the wheel. Margaret went to sleep that night to dream of riding down to Mrs. Shipman's on the wheel, with the twins in Miss Pendleton's basket.

The next morning Margaret washed the dishes while Aunt Debby polished the little panes of glass in the old windows. "Land, child, you've dropped your dish cloth, some one's sure to come before midnight," and Aunt Debby smiled at Margaret as she bustled about.

"I'll make a batch of cookies, anyhow," and Aunt Debby was soon flourishing her rolling pin over a batch of the ginger cookies for which she was famous.

Sure enough, late that afternoon, a long gray car, driven by a chauffeur in a smart blue uniform, stopped at Aunt Debby's door.

"Mercy, there's Anne Deane, as was, come to call. I'm glad I made that batch of cookies this morning," and Aunt Debby Chichester hurried to the door to greet her guest. Margaret sat in the corner



## May Night

**T**HE spring is fresh and fearless  
And every leaf is new,  
The world is brimmed with moonlight,  
The lilac brimmed with dew.

Here in the moving shadows  
I catch my breath and sing—  
My heart is fresh and fearless  
And over-brimmed with spring.

SARA TEASDALE

working on a basket that she hoped to sell at the tea room on Ocean Street.

"You really have a fine collection of old furniture," remarked Mrs. Deane to Aunt Debby, a little later, as she delicately poked the floating lemon in her teacup with a slender silver spoon.

"Yes, I have, and most of my furniture has never been out of this house since it was bought by my grandfather Bassett."

"And you don't care to sell any of it?" asked Mrs. Deane.

"No, I can't say that I do. I suppose more than a hundred of those city collectors have been down here to see what

I had to sell, but I never sold any yet."

The afternoon sun poured into the room as the two women continued their conversation.

"No indeed, I couldn't think of selling that pitcher," Margaret heard Aunt Debby say, "I couldn't think of selling that".

"It is a very fine piece of copper lustre and I am willing to give you ten dollars for it. In fact I'll make it fifteen," suggested Mrs. Deane as she smoothed the shining surface of the pitcher with her ringed fingers.

"No," replied Aunt Debby firmly, "I don't feel to do it. I set considerable



store by my things and I rather guess I'll keep 'em. I hope they'll last as long as I do," Aunt Debby remarked reflectively.

"There have been a good many changes since you were down last summer. The Bartletts have sold their place to some city folks. The daughter was over 'tother day to see if I'd part with my old bed spread that had the netted fringe, the one that Grandmother Baker made, but I didn't feel to do it. She offered me a good price, too."

Aunt Debby sipped her tea, and little Margaret sat in her corner eating her cookie as quiet as the little humming bird that was flitting about the honeysuckle vine on the porch.

"Now Anne, be sure that you come down again before you go back to the city, and if I ever do sell that copper luster pitcher I'll let you have the refusal of it," and Mrs. Chichester, smiling, sped the parting guest.

"My land, Margaret," Aunt Debby said as she bustled about her disordered tea table, "I do like to see Anne Deane. She used to live over at the old Barker place, and when they sold out and went to Boston, she was glad enough to get rid of their old stuff at any price. I recollect her mother had three pitchers, handsomer than mine they were, and the one that was the oldest she sold for fifty cents. Now Anne wants to buy mine for twenty dollars."

"I guess Anne's learned city ways, since she went up to Boston."

"She must be pretty rich," observed Margaret, still working on her basket.

"She is well fixed," answered Aunt Debby. "Her husband made some kind of an improvement in an automobile engine, and it has made him a rich man."

Margaret could see Aunt Debby smile to herself, "Anne knows a good deal about antiques, and china, but I reckon that she don't know it all yet," and Aunt Debby washed the tea things with a queer little smile twinkling in her eyes. She was still smiling as she carefully polished the copper luster pitcher and placed it on the highest shelf in the cupboard.

Margaret put away her basketry as quietly as she did everything else and went out on the side step to pet the yellow kitten, and watch the white sails in the bay, as they swept in to the harbor for the night.

Quiet as it was at Old Port Harbor, the little girl enjoyed her summer with her aunt. Sprightly, lively Aunt Debby, and quiet, timid little Margaret were as strangely contrasted a pair as ever lived in a little old house by the sea, yet oddly enough they enjoyed being together, and were each sorry when the time came for Margaret to return to the city.

"I never saw a child pick up so," Mrs. Chichester liked to tell her neighbors. "The city's no place for a quiet little thing like her, and I do believe that if her mother had kept her in the city all

summer, that child would have had a fit of sickness."

So Margaret sat on the steps every night, and watched the harbor sails, and wondered how many more days would go by before she could fly along the roads on her bicycle as swift almost as the little gulls, with red feet, that perched on the rocks at the headland and skimmed through the air, uttering shrill harsh cries.

On the morning after Mrs. Deane's visit, Aunt Debby prepared to clean the corner cupboard. All the china must be taken down, polished and replaced. Margaret enjoyed washing the queer old bowl-shaped cups, and the plates with bunches of gay flowers on them. Just as she mounted a chair to replace the china in the cupboard, on the shelves covered with fresh clean paper, her foot slipped and, somehow Margaret pitched forward and crashed against the copper luster pitcher. It balanced for a second on the edge of the shelf, and then down it went to the floor smashing into a hundred shining pieces. Aunt Debby, in the garden picking a bowl of raspberries for dinner did not hear the crash.

Margaret gathered the pieces in her apron, thinking not of her bruised arm but, "How shall I ever tell Aunt Debby that the copper luster pitcher is smashed?"

Margaret ran to her little room with the pieces and tried, unsuccessfully, to fit them together. She went to the pasture to hunt for blueberries, and to think how she could tell Aunt Debby.

"Don't tell, maybe she'll think some one stole it," whispered temptation in her ear.

"No, I can't cheat Aunt Debby," she thought. "I'll pay her with my bicycle money," came the idea, quick as a flash. That seemed almost impossible to Margaret. She did want that wheel so much and she had given up so much to get the money. Now it was almost hers, how could she give it up to pay for a smashed old pitcher.

Yet, hard as it was, that night a sober little girl appeared before Aunt Debby, with her hands behind her.

She thrust the broken fragments of the pitcher before the eyes of the surprised Aunt Debby.

"See, Aunt Debby, this is what happened to your pitcher this morning. I slipped, I couldn't help it. I'm so sorry," and tears poured down Margaret's face. Then she handed to her aunt the blue plush bag.

"Here is most ten dollars to pay for it, and I'll try to earn the rest before I go," sobbed Margaret.

But what was that she heard? Aunt Debby *laughing*?

"Land, child, keep your money. That pitcher wasn't worth fifty cents. It was an imitation pitcher that my brother bought once at Westport fair. It was the only piece I had that wasn't genuine and it was the one piece that Anne Deane

wanted to buy. Of course I wouldn't take twenty dollars for that, but it sure did amuse me to hear her make such offers for it."

Margaret was smiling a little through her tears by this time.

"Land, child, where did you get all that money?" and Margaret explained just why she had it all in the little blue plush bag. She counted it carefully, all the quarters and dimes and pennies.

"Humph, you ought to have let me know about that," sniffed Aunt Debby.

The very next evening Margaret rode down to the headlands on her wheel, to see the little gulls skim and whirl across the harbor.

## Spring's Opening

BY MARJORIE DILLON

SEE the wondrous Opening

Of brand-new millinery,  
Held by Madame Spring. The news  
Sweet May-time breezes carry.  
Rare creations, fresh and sweet,  
Tempt each eager shopper.  
Strangest thing of all, they're free!  
Never cost a copper.

Posy folk go trooping out,  
Gladly choose a bonnet.  
Nurse-maid Daisy wants a cap,  
Snowy frills upon it.  
Buttercup likes yellow best,  
So does Daffy-Dilly;  
Purple's right for Violet,  
White and gold for Lily.

Lady Rose her queenly head  
In velvet gay's adorning,—  
Crimson, snow or sunset-hued,  
Pink of early morning.  
Sweetpea Sisters, lively maids,  
Want a bit of color;  
Rose or lavender chapeaux.  
Crocus likes hers duller.

Madame Spring invites you all—  
Join the Blossoms merry.  
See her wonderful display  
Of dainty millinery!

## Winning The Garden Prize

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

SOMEbody—rumor said a lady—had offered a prize to the child having the most satisfactory garden in Fruitdale that summer, and at first all the school-children decided to win that prize. As Jean Way skipped along home with the Temple twins that last day of school they talked it over.

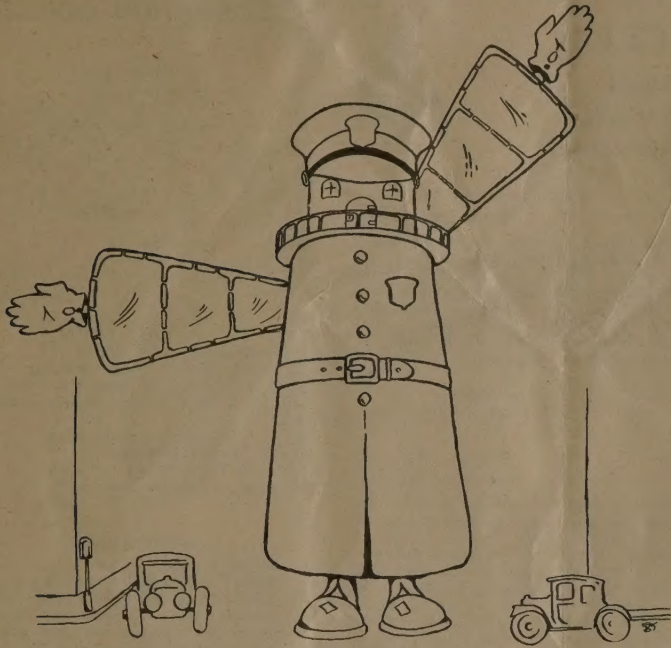
"I bet I know who's giving the prize. It's old Mrs. Grant," declared Fred.

"She's rich, yet she gets out and grubs in her rose-beds every day."

"But she's too stingy," protested Fanny, "and she doesn't like children. You know she never lets us play in that nice big meadow of hers."

Jean rather agreed with Fred. "She's fonder of a garden than anything," she told Fanny. "When mother called on her she introduced mother to every bean and





## THE LIVE WINDMILL.

BY ELEANOR KENLY BACON

WE didn't like the traffic cop,  
He always made my Daddy stop  
When we were in a hurry, and  
He'd scowl at us and shove his hand  
Out at us, and his arms would wave—  
It always made my Daddy rave.  
"There's that old windmill," he would  
say—  
"The one that stops us every day."

And we just like him now a lot:  
He's 'bout the bestest friend we've got!

But one day when I waved my crutch  
At him (I never mind it much  
'Cause I'm so used to it, you see)  
He looked so sort of s'prised at me;  
And now he always waves us by,  
And smiles at me, and winks his eye.  
"There's our live windmill," Daddy  
grins—  
"I really wish that he were twins!"

began drowning every "hopper" in sight.

The twins had decided that "the most satisfactory garden" was the one tended so well that it yielded the greatest profit, and certainly the coins that went tinkling into their bank were quite satisfactory. Jean had talked it over with her mother after consulting the dictionary.

"Yielding content; giving satisfaction." I don't know exactly what that means," she puzzled gravely. Her mother patted her curls lovingly.

"We know what 'content' means," she smiled. "We haven't much but each other, yet we're content." Jean nestled close and wished she were a fairy godmother for five minutes and could fill her mother's lap with gold, so she wouldn't have to use her needle day after day. Jean's bank was not filling very fast, for her heart was too generous. With a little wheelbarrow she trudged around offering her wares for sale, but there were many people who had little money, yet needed vegetables and loved flowers.

"There's Grandpa Ashe living alone and too rheumatizy to have a garden," Jean said soberly. "He dotes on fresh lettuce and radishes with his bread and butter. So I give him some every other day. He's so glad," she confided happily, "that I feel as good as if he gave me a dollar! And down by the mill are two dear old ladies that can't raise flowers, and they do love my sweet peas and alyssum. We don't care if we don't win the prize, do we, mother?" she broke off anxiously.

"Indeed we don't!" her mother assured her earnestly. "We'll enjoy our garden till Jack Frost sneaks in to nip it, and the way to enjoy things is to share them."

"Like Auntie Allen," Jean nodded. "Most of the children have gone away or quit trying, so I'm sure the twins will win. And it must be Mrs. Grant, for she drives around every evening, and she told the twins they had the finest garden she'd seen."

Summer was nearly over when the secret came out at last. Such strange things happened that the town hummed with interest and surprise. First, Mrs. Grant moved away and nobody knew it till she was on the train going to the city. Next Auntie Allen moved into the Grant house, and people heard she "had come into money" some time before and hadn't told a soul. Then came the announcement that Jean's garden was "the most satisfactory" of all, to the prize lady. Biggest surprise of all, that lady was Auntie!

"And oh, mother, the prize is a week in the mountains for you and me!" Jean cried, beside herself with delight. "And Auntie's going with us! And to think she said my garden was 'the most happy and helpful!' Yes, and the twins get a prize, too, because their garden was so thrifty and tidy. So they get five dollars, and I'm so glad. But we'll get just what we want won't we, mother?" she ended breathless and glowing. And with a happy song on her lips Jean's mother went at her sewing again.

onion, and I just believe she's offering a prize so we'll keep the weeds pulled. She hates them like poison." With a friendly smile she added, "You two always have the nicest garden, so you ought to win the prize."

"What does 'most satisfactory garden' mean?" the young gardeners soon queried, and one hot day Jean suggested, "Let's ask Auntie Allen." So the three promptly headed for the wee house where lived a wee lady loved by all the town. They scampered around the trim walk that led through lilac bushes and found Auntie picking pansies. She welcomed them with a smile. "Children and posies," she said gently, "they're all gifts of the Great Gardener. Help yourselves to a handful of pansies. I'm going to take these to Mrs. Grant."

The twins gasped, and Jean exclaimed, "Why, she has bushels of flowers, Auntie!"

"I know, but not old-fashioned clove pinks and pansy faces like these," she said simply. "She fell and hurt herself yesterday and I know she's lonesome in that big house by herself."

"By herself!" snorted Fred. "But there's the housekeeper and cook and gardeners and"—

"But no folks," interrupted Auntie, softly, "and not many friends. That makes such a difference." The children soberly helped her fill her basket, after which she asked them in for gingerbread. "I knew you'd be coming soon," she smiled. Then they suddenly remembered why they came, and all three began firing questions at her. She looked serious, then her eyes twinkled. "Have you asked the dictionary?" she queried.

"N-no, but we thought you'd know better'n anybody," blurted Fred. At which Auntie bubbled over and declared she couldn't possibly "set herself ahead of the gentleman who wrote the dictionary." No more would she say, so when she got out her sunshade to start off to Mrs. Grant's the children left her and went back to their gardens.

"Weeds grow one squillion times faster than vegetables," grumbled Fred, slowly picking up a hoe, "and it's grasshopper year, too. I have a notion to quit, like Fatty and Tim and the rest."

Fanny looked as if she longed to pull his tow hair and both ears. "Fred Temple!" she scolded. "Look at Jean working all alone while we have each other." So though he fussed about its "seeming a lot like work," Fred got the hose and





## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

E. PEPPERELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. From what I have heard it must be a good club.

I belong to the Community Church and have been to church every Sunday for two years. It will be three next July. Our minister is Rev. R. W. Drawbridge and my teacher is Mrs. Chapman. There are seventeen girls in my class. The name of the class is Junior Community Club.

I am fourteen years old and in the Freshman year of High School. I would be very glad to correspond with someone around my age.

Very sincerely yours,

NATALIE BLAKE.

NORTH BREWSTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the First Parish Church in the town of Brewster and as our regular minister died we have had Rev. Mr. Coxin and now we have Rev. Mr. Chase. Our church school superintendent is Mrs. Parks and my teacher is Miss Rowe. I would like to join the Beacon Club. I am fifteen years old and would like to correspond with boys of my age in different states.

Yours sincerely,

STANLEY RYDER.

### Church School News

THE school of religion of the Unitarian Church, Baltimore, Md., is organized as upper and lower school, the first meeting at 9.45, the latter at 11.00, during the church service. The enrolment of this school has increased from 30 at opening on October 8th to 78 in March. Report cards are sent out each month to the home, giving the record of attendance, punctuality, progress and conduct. The young people have organized and are holding meetings every other Sunday with twenty-one members in attendance.

A Sunday-school party is held once a month for the members of the First Parish Sunday school at East Bridgewater, Mass., of which Rev. Frank A. Gredler is minister. The classes are organized into clubs, each with its own officers. The children are much interested in their work. Bibles or other books are given for perfect attendance. The teachers are secured from the Bridgewater Normal School and the public schools and so have had fine training for their work.

The Superintendent and one teacher from the Medfield Unitarian Sunday School attended the institute for religious education at Star Island last summer and returned filled with a new vision of the possibilities in their school. As a result, 13 pupils and 2 new teachers have been added to the school, the Beacon Course installed throughout, and a new spirit is everywhere manifest. Two regular substitute teachers have been added to the

802 THIRD AVENUE SO.,  
VIRGINIA, MINNESOTA.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club and correspond with some of the other girls of my age. I go to the First Unitarian Church of Virginia, of which my mother is the minister. There are fifteen girls in my class. Miss Wallin is our teacher. I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade.

Hoping that someone will write to me soon, I am,

Your new friend,

TELLERVO LAPPALA.

38 STATE STREET,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

My dear Miss Buck:—I attend the First Parish Unitarian Church. Our minister's name is Dr. Joel H. Metcalf. My teacher's name is Mrs. Stoncham. She is the minister's daughter. The names of the girls in my class are—Dorothy Lawton, Irene Spencer, Margaret Beach, Louise Stevenson, Ruth Wheeler and myself. I would like some of the readers of *The Beacon* to write to me. I like *The Beacon* very much and read it every Sunday. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Lovingly,

EMILY STEWART.

Other new members of our Club are Cedric S. Osgood, Houlton, Me.; Helen Brown, Pauline McMichael and Doris C. Vittum, Laconia, N. H.; Effie Hartsal, Clifton, N. C.

list and a Cradle Roll Superintendent appointed, who has developed that work in the church. The Superintendent of this school is Miss Edith M. Doane.

At Billerica, Mass., each member of the school is presented with a memory-bank deposit book. On the inside of the cover, there is pasted a list of the memory work for each department of the school from Kindergarten to Senior, on which credit will be given in the book. This memory work is recited to the teachers or to any officer of the school who is present between 9.30 and 9.45 Sunday morning, just before the regular session of the school opens. The pupils obtain a slip of approval for the work from the teacher, which they present with the bank book to the receiving teller of the school, who gives each one credit for the work accomplished. The school has this year changed the time of its session to 9.45 with the result of securing better attendance and better work from the pupils. All are now in favor of the morning hour for the school session. There is an orchestra for this school, which meets for its practise with the Superintendent, who is its director, on Sunday evenings.

The Superintendent of the Arlington Street Unitarian Church, Boston, is Miss Mary N. Phillips of Sharon. The record of attendance is especially good and each member of the school has some definite way of helping its work. Boy and Girl Scout troops have been organized and a Senior class will be organized to begin its sessions at the opening of Lent.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LVII.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
My 9, 17, 3, 7, 13, is a girl's name.  
My 14, 13, 8, is a large body of water.  
My 6, 15, 14, 13, is a part of the face.  
My 11, 15, 16, 13, 14, is what naughty children write in school.  
My 1, 5, 12, 13, is what grapes grow on.  
My 13, 4, 4, 14, is something we should eat at least twice a week.  
My 2, 11, is not out.  
My 10, 3, 7, 14, is a flower.  
My whole is the town and state in which I live.

TELLERVO LAPPALA.

### ENIGMA LVIII.

I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 1, 12, 13, 8, is warm affection.  
My 7, 14, 8, 15, is a form of the verb to be.  
My 11, 2, 6, 8, is an adjective meaning very large.  
My 3, 5, 13, 14, is a water stunt.  
My 5, 10, is a preposition.  
My 4, 5, 15, 6, is part of a bird.  
My whole is a German musician.

C. N. & E. R.

### BEHEADINGS

1. Behead a whip and leave a tree.
2. Behead to disembark and leave a conjunction.
3. Behead terror and leave a part of the body.
4. Behead a part of a boat and leave a tree.
5. Behead the top of a wave and leave repose.
6. Behead to strip and leave a fish.
7. Behead to stretch for and leave every one.
8. Behead pressure and leave a numeral.

WALTER WEISSMAN.

### HIDDEN BIRDS

1. Give us laughter, not tears.
2. The mud is deep.
3. This is bitter, not sour.
4. A lone star lingered in the sky.
5. If you compel, I cannot resist.
6. They were asking fishermen questions.
7. We catch eel in nets.
8. There they go, O see!
9. Australia is most rich in gold.
10. Hannah, awkward girl, spilled the tea.

E. A. C.

### PRINTER'S PI.

Het hitsheg yb tager enm heedcar dan petk,  
Eerw ton atandit yb dudnes filthg.  
Tub tyhe, hewil hirtet inmapcoons pelts,  
Ewer gitloin pawdur ni teh thing.

C. E. A.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 29.

ENIGMA LIV.—The fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, leadership of Jesus, salvation by character, progress of mankind onward and upward forever.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Dombey and Son. 2. Tale of Two Cities. 3. Nicholas Nickleby. 4. Great Expectations. 5. Old Curiosity Shop. 6. Bleak House. 7. Hard Times. 8. Barnaby Rudge. 9. Pickwick Papers. 10. Cricket on the Hearth.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY  
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from  
299 Madison Ave., New York City  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press